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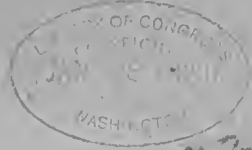
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











# THE MAID OF SEVILLE.

AN OPERATIC MEDLEY

IN TWO ACTS

BY E. C. BEACH.

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~~AWAY~~

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THE MAID OF SEVILLE.  
AN OPERATIC MEDLEY.  
IN TWO ACTS,

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*Scene—Spain. Time—To day.*

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CHARACTERS.

Don Emmanuel Sabastan Alfonso—Duke of Yucatan,  
Don. Ovan Rosa—A Spanish Hibernian, (the Duke's  
right bower.)     -     -     -     -     -     -  
Boobo—The Silent,     -     -     -     -     -     -  
Ralph Ralston—A Yankee Middy,     -     -     -     -  
Pedro de Bunco—A Flemish Gardener,     -     -  
Pauline, his daughter—**THE MAID OF SEVILLE,**  
Martha—A Spanish Matron,     -     -     -     -     -  
Lords and Ladies, Students, Spanish Soldiers, Sailors, etc.

ACT 1st. SCENE 1st.

Twilight hour. Exterior of Bunco's Cottage. Pauline seen distributing flowers to flower girls. Bunco, her father, distributing fruit to venders. As curtain rises, solo, Pauline with mixed chorus from "Priciosa." At close all leave stage save Pauline, who enters the garden. Ralph enters, and concealed by the garden wall, gazes upon her in wrapt adoration.

*Ralph*—Ah, she is there, her form divine  
Mid flowerets which around her twine,  
Stands forth a poem, a blissful dream,  
Of loveliness the very cream.  
Would I might hie me to her beautiful side,  
Pour forth my love, as, at the full flood tide,  
The amorous seas rush to the waiting shore.

(Voice outside) "Pauline."

*Ralph*.—Her father's voice. I'll tarry here no more.  
"Love laughs at locksmiths," so the poet sings.  
Love conquers armies, subdues kings.  
For thee, sweet Pauline, I would dare  
The untamed tiger in his jungle lair,  
And in thy name put mighty worlds to rout  
But when it comes to "Papa," count me out.  
(I've been there.)

*Ralph*.—He's gone, I hear his voice no more,  
I'll risk a serenade to her whom I adore.  
Solo and duet, Ralph and Pauline, "Beneath my  
Ladies' Window."

At close—Enter Pauline, from garden taking front of stage.

*Pauline*—It surely was his voice, where can he be?

Ralph! Dear Ralph! Ah! how you startled me.

I did not know you were so near,

I did not mean that you should hear.

*Ralph*.—She calls me “Ralph, dear Ralph,”

O, Heaven be blessed.

*Pauline*—Yes, dear, at any price—I did but jest.

*Ralph*.—Ah, Pauline, dearest, say not so,

That which I hoped for, now I know.

Thou lov'st. O, happy, happy day,

Which cast me wrecked on Biscay's Bay.

My ship 'mongst Spanish rocks is laid,

But, in thy love, I'm well repaid.

Oh, say the word and we will fly

This night, my love. Ah, do not cry.

I know 'tis hard to leave thy home,

But, think, a sailor's bride thou'lt roam

The seas—a queen. Come, for my sake. +

Lord, what fine ballast she would make.

*Pauline*—Ah, Ralph, your joy I would not dim,

But, Papa, Bunco, what of him?

To fly with you, and leave him here,

I cannot do, and still I fear

'Twill useless be to ask him for my hand.

*Ralph*.—Nay, nay, sweet one, 'ere long I will command

As fine a ship as ever sailed the sea,

As Captain Ralston, he will welcome me,

And father Bunco shall my helmsman be,

Rocco de *Bunco Steerer*. See?

*Pauline*—Ah, yes, I see, there's no denying you.

Ralph, I am yours (he attempts to caress her)

Ah, stop sir, that will do.

Before you venture on such liberties,

Ask pa's consent, sir, on your knees.

(Chord.) Duet, "Then name the day, the wedding day.")

(At close, exit *Pauline*.)

*Ralph*—Oh, bliss, with joy I'm going mad,

She's mine, dear *Pauline*, (thunder here's her  
Dad,)

And with him comes a stranger. Ah! 'tis he,

The wretch who seeks her company,

And see, he fills her father's hand

With glistening gold. I am unmanned.

Mad jealousy, the counterpart of bliss,

Consumes my soul. I must get out of this,

But stay, "All's fair in war and love,"

I'll scale the wall, and listen from above. 7

Exit *Ralph*. Enter *Bunco* and *Don Rosa*, followed  
by *Boobo*, The Silent. They steal in, looking carefully  
around to convince themselves that they are alone. *Boobo*  
drops staff and in attempting to recover it falls.

*Don Rosa*—Hist there! *Boobo*, make no noise.

There's no depending on these boys.

He is an old one, *Boobo* is,

You'd hardly think so from his phiz,

But he can recollect the day

Bold Chris. Columbus sailed away.

He's with the Duke a hundred years, or nigh it.

Aint that so, Boobo? Speak!

*Boobo*—That's right.

*Don Rosa*—Now go, and mind what you're about.

Stand by the door; make haste there (puff)

Get out.

Boobo takes position at the door and stands attentive.

*Don Rosa*—And now good Bunco lend your ear

And I'll explain why I am here.

You see the Duke of Yucatan

My master, though an oldish man,

Has, thanks to Doctor Brown's elixir,

Another lease of life, and tricks sir,

Begob, he's full of them, or fuller

Than rats in Paddy Duffy's cellar.

Indeed it's many a mile I'd go

To see him dance the Fandango.

A finer man ne'er met your sight.

Ain't that so Boobo? Speak!

*Boobo*—That's right.

*Don Rosa*—Well, then, last Tuesday week his grace

Met Pauline in the market place.

She smiled, he tips his hat, and then, O well—

Particulars, I need'nt tell.

Enough to say your daughter's face

So pleased the fancy of his grace,

That he has sworn an oath that she

And no one else, his bride shall be.

Ralph from top of wall cries "*Never*," and throws brick at Don Rosa.

*Don Rosa*—Goodness me. Why, what was that?

*Bunco*—Why, can't you see, it was the bat.

*Boobo* (singing)—It was, it was, the bat.

*Don Rosa* (rubbing head)—You're right it was the bat.

Well, never mind, such things I have to face,  
I was witness in the Cronin murder case,  
Now then, his lordship bid me go  
And state the facts to you Bunco,  
And ask you for your daughter's hand,  
'Tis his request; there's no command,  
Tho' you well know he has the might  
To take her to himself this night,  
Aint that so, Boobo? Speak!

*Boobo*—That's right.

*Don Rosa*—Look Bunco, presents for the bride.

(shows box of jewels)

Ha, ha, my boy, you're on our side,  
There's tons of gold in store for you,  
A castle and a title too.  
Ah, you consent, I see it in your face,  
Give me your hand. I'll hasten to his Grace.  
You hesitate, O, holy smoke  
For such a prize I'd kill the Pope.  
Speak Bunco, tell me you consent,  
Or by the mass, you'll soon repent,  
And beg me on your trembling knees  
His Grace's anger to appease.

*Bunco* - My dear Senor, you no me, comprehend,  
Not for de world would I offend;  
But see, my child, this night I tell her  
That she might wed another-feller.  
Dear little Pauline. Oh, to part  
With her, t'would break my poor old heart.

*Don Rosa*—Oh, shoot that Bunco, dont bamfoozle me,  
A bigger ass than you I never see;  
What right had you to give the girl  
To any low born Yankee churl.  
That sailor chap,—I know the lad,  
Oh dear, it really is too bad,  
Too bad; it is a mortal sin,  
To cut the Duke for likes o' him,  
A meaner trick ne'er met my sight,  
Aint that so, Boobo?—Speak!

*Boobo*—That's right.

*Don Rosa*—But stop, what use is argument?  
My mission plain. I have been sent  
To fetch the girl. Go, then, and bring  
The sweet Pauline, fit consort for a king.  
I'll sing to her the sweets of Yucatan,  
And try to win her from the tother man.

Exit Bunco. Enter Pauline and Bunco. Solo, Don  
*Rosa*,—"Never mind the why or wherefore." At close—

*Pauline*—I do not know his purpose or intent,  
But still must thank him for the compliment.  
Most noble sir, 'twould most ungrateful be  
To hear such rapturous melody

Sung in my praise, and not be stirred.  
Pray tell the Duke the honor he conferred  
On humble maid, through trusty hands  
I deeply feel, and ever his commands  
Shall be obeyed.

*Don Rosa*—What, you consent, ah, saints rejoice.

Aside, (I mashed her with my tenor voice.)

It's a He Patti that I am.

*Pauline*—Indeed you are, sir.

*Don Rosa*—Thank you ma'm.

Ah, she will make a lovely bride,  
His Grace's heart will bust with pride.

*Pauline*—A bride, his Grace?

I do not comprehend.

*Don Rosa*—Oh, holy smoke, do you pretend

You do not know what we intend?

Well then, 'tis this: The Duke, my lord,  
Has-kissed the cross upon his sword,  
And sworn by all the saints who've died,  
That you, Pauline, shall be his bride.

*Pauline*—What? Marry that old mummy? Never!

Sir, you insult me. Did you ever!

Go tell his Grace the honor he'd bestow,

I now decline, and answer no.

(Turns back on Don Rosa and walks away.)

*Don Rosa*—The saints preserve my soul this night,

His Grace a mummy. Oh!

*Boobo*—That's right.

*Don Rosa*—Shut up, you sun dried monkey you,



Don't speak until you're spoken to.  
And now, I'll pay my plain respects  
To you, most fickle of your sex.  
Now don't you toss your head at me,  
You're mean, as mean, as mean can be.  
For half a ducat I would ply  
This stick upon you. Ah, my eye!

(Ralph springs from concealment and assults Don Rosa.)

*Don Rosa*—Who threw that brick? So, you're the man,  
Who dares to strike O'Donovan,  
Ah, ha, my lad, you soon shall see  
Who pays the piper, you or me.  
I'm off, but when again I come,  
You bet your life I'll make things hum. (Exit.)

*Pauline*—Ah, Ralph, Dear Ralph, we are undone.

*Ralph*—Fear not Pauline, the battle's just begun.

*Bunco*—What will become of me, my freund?

My head off is already, in my mind.

Soon he come back, those men with him he bring  
They burn my house, me garden, everything.

(Noise of mob in distance, Pauline screams and rushes to Ralph, Bunco conceals himself. Ralph strikes attitude of defence.)

*Ralph*—He laughs at wars who never had a scar.

Come one, come all, here stands a Yankee tar.

(Tableaux.)

*Pauline*—Splendid, but still we'd better take

Our chance in flight, for Papa's sake.

*Ralph to Bunco*—Then hasten to the house, fetch only  
what you need,

We must get out of this, or else be treed.  
Caught in a trap by that vindictive man,  
Your life and mine would not be worth a—

(crash of cimballs and brass.)

Bunco rushes to cottage and throws out numerous household articles. Finally appearing with large flower pot. Trio, Pauline, Ralph and Bunco. "Through the world will't thou fly love." At close mob headed by Rosa rushes in, they sieze Bunco, Pauline faints. Ralph after a struggle with Don Rosa, escapes. Part of mob fires house. Curtain falls on tableaux. Boobo standing on wall, upholding banner of Yucatan, and blowing upon horn. Orchestra playing a martial strain, as curtain falls.

ACT 2ND. SCENE 1ST.

Castle of Yucatan. The Dungeon.

*Pauline*—Another day draws to its weary end,  
Another night of agony is nigh.  
Madre, I beg thee succor send.  
List to a forlorn maiden's cry.

(Solo "Ave Maria.") (At close letter is thrown in from window.)

*Pauline*—What's this? A message, heaven be praised.

Ah, Madre, grant the hope now raised  
Within my breast,  
Will not prove false, like all the rest.

(Reads) Oh, Ralph, dear Ralph, forgive that I should  
doubt thee.

Heaven knows I could not do without thee.

(Crash of gongs. Enter Don Rosa.)

*Don Rosa*—Good evening, Miss; why, this is a surprise,  
I thought to see the tears within your eyes,  
Instead, they never were so bright,  
Ain't that so, Boobo? Speak!

*Boobo*—That's right.

*Don Rosa*—It can't be that you now repent,  
And to the Duke's desires consent.  
Speak, and these chains I'll quickly sever.  
Ah, say the word miss, come now (*Pauline*.)  
"Never."

(Drops chains.)

*Don Rosa*—Ah, treason, base conspiracy!

Who cut those chains, Miss? Answer me.

(To Boobo.) Put none but Americans on guard to night.

You hear me, Boobo? Speak!

*Boobo.*—That's right.

(To Pauline.) Now, then, a letter I will read you,

It's from his Grace, oh, dear what made you

Drive him from love to violence,

Indeed I thought you had more sense.

(Reads) To Don O'Rosa, P. D. Q.

(Another title I'm entitled to.)

" It is our wish and our command,

That you again present our hand

To Pauline, Maiden of Seville;

If she consents, all will be well.

If not, her father's head shall pay

The penalty, this very day."

Signed, Don Emmanuel Sabastan

Alphonso, Duke of Yucatan.

What say you now. What shall the harvest be?

A deed of blood, or wedding company?

*Pauline*—Oh, Senor, pity, I implore,

Hast thou not loved in days of yore?

Will grief not move thy stubborn heart?

Oh, think the crime, two souls to part.

The hopes of yesterday to sever.

Cannot I win thy pity?

*Don Rosa*—Never.

*Pauline*—What, never?

*Don Rosa*—Rats, I'll hear no more,

I travelled with *Mc' Caul* in Pinafore.

No, mistress, I've my part to play,  
And, as 'tis now the close of day,  
I must prepare before your eyes  
To send your father to the skies.

(pointing down.)

What, ho there ! Boobo, open wide the door.  
I can palaver here with you no more,  
Times nearly up, look, 'pon my eyes,  
I never saw the like, see how time flies.

Boobo throws open the doors, showing Bunco confined in the stocks, guillotine above him.

*Pauline*—Oh, Mio Padre ! wicked Donovan,  
Do as thou wilt with me,  
But spare this poor old man,  
He does not know me. Father, see,  
'Tis thy Pauline who calls to thee.

*Bunco*—Oh, dear, Oh dear, my back will surely break,  
Oh, my dear sir, I beg you pity take,  
What have I done that they should so abuse ?  
Please let me out, oh dear, there is no use,  
Poor little Pauline, Donner wetter,  
I wish that sailor man had never met her.  
Say, mister, I would spoke with you,  
What does the Duke intend to do ?

*Don Rosa*—He'll have your head this very night,  
Ain't that so Boobo ? Speak !

*Boobo*—That's right.

*Don Rosa*—See miss, pray, look at this machine,  
A finer tool for killing ne'er was seen,

Invented by a friend of mine, Gill O'Tine.  
 The knife is there, you press this button,  
 Wisk—You're pa's as dead as mutton.  
 Go, Boobo, whet the knife a bit,  
 There's plenty time, there's full five minutes yet,

PAULINE,	}	Quartette—Armor Song, "Chimes of Normandy." (At close Don Rosa——)
RALPH,		
BUNCO,		
DON ROSA,		

Don't weep Pauline, for your sweet sake,  
 I'll give your Pa a lovely wake.  
 Oh, holy smoke, she's fainted dead away,  
 Say, Miss, this is'nt on the bills,  
 Wake up, you'll spoil the play,  
 I'd rather be a beastly Turk  
 Than have to boss this bloody work ;  
 Quick, Boobo, when I count to ten,  
 You push that devilish button in.  
 The saints forgive my sins this night,  
 You hear me, Boobo? Speak!

*Boobo*—That's right.

*Don Rosa*—One, two, three and four,

I hear a step outside the door ;

Five, six, seven and eight,—(enter courtier.)

*Courtier*—Hold there; no more, I'm not too late.

Advance Don Rosa and receive the Duke's command.

(Hands him paper.)

*Don Rosa*—(Reading paper) a reprieve.

(Tableaux and curtain.)

ACT 2nd. SCENE 2nd.

The Wood of Yucatan.

Village maidens in holiday dress go tripping by to light music, sounding tamborines and castinets, as they pass. As one of the maidens stops to pluck a flower from the way-side, Ralph, in the disguise of a Spanish student, addresses her.

*Ralph*—Beg pardon, Miss, but pray tell me,  
Why this exodus of beauty,  
Whither bound ?

*Maid*—Ah, Senor, do you not know ?  
Well, then, 'tis this,  
The Duke is to marry to-night,  
At least, so says report.  
And we are on our way to the castle,  
To do homage to our new mistress.  
Ah, there will be grand times, Senor.  
Dancing the fandango on the green,  
And games, and all that one can eat and drink  
and—

(Sound of distant cannon firing.)

Ah, what was that ?

*Ralph*—The sunset gun from yonder man-of-war.

(Bell in distance tolls six )

*Ralph*—Listen the castle bell tolling the passing day.

*Maid*—Six o'clock, then I must hurry,  
Lest the gates be closed.  
Adio, Senor.

*Ralph*—Adio, Senora, but stay, there is one thing more I  
would like to ask,

Who is the Duke to marry?

*Maid*—Ah, yes, to be sure,

So romantic, just think, a mere flower girl,

Pauline, they call her.

They say the Duke is bewitched with her beauty.

She claims, though, to love another,

A sailor, but you know that game.

Why, she has so worked upon the old ninny's  
jealousy,

That he has actually abducted her and her father.

*Ralph*—How romantic,

Ah, say, Miss, I'm of a band of students,

Right jolly fellows, every one.

We, too, are bound on a lark.

What say you, shall we join company?

*Maid*—I don't mind, senor,

There surely is no harm.

Lassies, come hither. (Enter maidens.)

*Ralph*—Ahoy! this way my lads.

(Enter Spanish students, they mingle with the maids,  
and to the accompaniment of mandolins all retire, sing-  
ing.) END OF SCENE.



ACT 2D. SCENE 3d.

The Castle. Grand banquet hall of Yucatan.

The curtain rises disclosing the Duke alone.

*Duke*—Another hour has passed,

Confound the perverse hussey.

By good St. Jacobs oil

The maids bewitch<sup>ed</sup> me.

Me—fuedal lord of mighty Yucatan.

Dancing attendance to a flower girl. Marry, come  
—up, it likes me not! Our clemency in that we spared her  
father is ignored. Now by the mass I'll parley with her  
whims no more. She shall be mine! She shall be mine!

(Enter Courtier.)

*Courtier*—My lord, my lord, a message from Pauline.

*Duke*—Ah, give it me, now leave us,

Our joy must not be seen. (Exit courtier.)

(Duke reads.) Ah, she consents, what, ho, there! (Enter  
page.)

*Duke*—Quick, my attendants call.

Ring out the chimes, bring in the wines,

Hang banners from the wall,

And summon here my coachmen,

Cooks, maids and valets, too.

Bestir thyself, thou haggard,

Or 'twill go hard with you. (Exit page hurriedly.)

Prelude to mixed chorus, "Chimes of Normandy."

Enter six valets, bearing toilet articles, followed by six  
coachmen, who in their turn are followed by three maids  
and three cooks. During the singing of chorus, the grand

court barber proceeds to arrange the Duke's toilet preparatory to the coming nuptials. <sup>1/1e</sup>At the close of chorus.

*The Duke*—Now then a dose of <sup>^</sup>elixir,

My scepter and my crown, be quick, sir.

(After partaking of the Elixir of Life.)

*The Duke*—Ah, glorious, my blood's on fire,

I tremble with love's fond desire,

And seemingly 'twere yesterday,

I cast my boyhood's toys away.

Look, <sup>R</sup>valets, at our sturdy stride.

(Limps across stage.)

Vive Sequard-Brown !

Bring forth the bride.

(Chime of bells. Solo by The Duke.)

“Yoeman's Wedding Song.”

(During the singing all but the Duke retire from stage.)

Enter at the close of solo, twelve maids of honor, who form on either side of the grand entrance singing wedding march from “Lohengrin,” strewing the path between them with flowers, as Pauline enters, decked as a bride, accompanied by her father. Enter also courtiers and ladies. Duke ascends throne, his retainers grouped around him. Pauline and father kneel before throne.

*Duke*—Arise, fair maid, arise,

'Tis I should bow the knee,

Why droop thy lovely eyes?

This goodly company

Assembled in thy honor,

The ladies at thy side.

Shall bow the knee in homage,  
Due to Alphonso's bride.

(Faint music heard outside.)

Listen to the strains of music,  
The people of the town  
In melody, their homage pay,  
To her who shares our crown.  
Don Rosa, bid them enter,  
And doubly we'll repay  
The compliment they tender,  
On this, our wedding day.

Enter students in black cloaks and hats—all masked.  
They advance toward throne playing a minuet. Spanish  
maidens, their faces concealed by mantillas, advance in  
time to music.

*The Duke*—Well by the mass, a masquerade.

Pray senors cast aside  
Thy cloaks and sing a serenade,  
To cheer our drooping bride.

Ralph sings to mandolin accompaniment "Beneath  
my Ladies' Window," Pauline joining in duet.

*The Duke*—Bravo! bravo! mistress mine.

My gallant mask, well done.  
Refreshments there.  
Bring forth the wine.  
Thou hast our favor won.

Enter page with tray of wines, etc. Quartette from  
"Two Cadis." Pauline, Ralph, Duke and Bunco.

At the close of quartette bell tolls eight, followed by organ prelude from chapel.

*Duke*—List lovely maid, the hour has come,  
I claim thy promised hand,  
Yonder within the chapel,  
The priests awaiting stand.

*Pauline* (kneeling before him.)  
My lord, I beg thee spare me,  
A promise, true I gave,  
But thou didst force it from me,  
A father's life to save.

*Duke* (grasping her rudely.)  
Ha, thou ungrateful hussey,  
How dar'st thou now complain!  
Now by the mass,  
I'll have thee, lass,  
If there be priest in Spain.

(Drags her toward chapel.)

(Ralph springs forward, sword in hand to intercept them.)

*Duke*—Ho, villian, stand aside there, 'tis I, the Duke,  
commands.

*Ralph*—Well, hang the Duke,  
And hang his suite,  
'Tis I forbid the bans.

Ralph casts off cloak and mask, and reveals himself in full U. S. Naval uniform. The rest of the students also throw off disguise and appear as U. S. marines. Pauline

rushes to the protection of her lover. Trio from "Trovatore," Pauline, Ralph and the Duke.

"Cease thee, dearest, thy lamentation."

At close.

*Duke*—Once more I say release the girl.

*Ralph*—Again I answer. No!

*Duke*—Thy head shall pay for this thou churl.

*Ralph*—All right, Duke, be it so.

*Duke*—What, ho there! Call my musketeers,

Guard every avenue,

We'll give these amorous bucanears

A leaden billet-doux.

*Ralph*—My gallant men, fall in, fall in,

We'll show these Spanish cads

A bit of Yankee discipline.

Draw cutlasses, my lads.

Advance. Present arms. Carry.

Stand, attention; so.

Now haughty Spaniard, do your worst,

We'll give you blow for blow.

Prelude in march time, enter Spanish soldiers, who draw up in line opposite the marines, quintette and chorus from "Bohemian Girl," "Though every hope be fled." At close, the marines and musketeers advance toward each other. Pauline rushes between them, fainting in the arms of her lover. Ladies surround her.

*Don Rosa*—Say, break away there, will you?

The bride is in a swoon.

Pray gentlemen put up your swords.

The're ladies in the room.

*A Matron*—My lord, my lord, pray look you,  
The portrait and the crest.

*The Duke*—Where found you these? Speak, madam.

*Matron*—Upon the maiden's breast.

*Duke*—The portrait of our sainted wife,  
Lost in the forest wild,  
Free pardon will I give to him  
Who proves she is our child.

*Bunco*, (falling on knees.)  
Most high and mighty senor,  
Forgive me if you please,  
I found Pauline, a little babe  
Beneath those forest trees,  
I had no little children,  
I took her home with me.

*Don Rosa*—I'd have his head for that, my lord—  
A base conspiracy.

*Duke*—Cease meddling fool,  
Arise, old man, accept our ducal hand.  
I dub thee knight of Holly-hock,  
And gardener of our land.  
Ah! See, she comes, my daughter,  
Pauline, embrace thy sire.  
For though thou can'st not be our bride,  
Thou art our heart's desire.

*Pauline*—If you indeed my father are,  
Pray grant me this request,  
That thou wilt pardon him, papa,  
He came at my behest,  
And, oh, I love him dearly;  
This to the world I vow!  
The priests are waiting, papa dear,  
Why can't he wed me now?

*Duke*—What, wed thee to that brigand?

*Don Rosa*—The lad who punched our head?

*Duke*—No, daughter mine, I must decline,  
'Twere better you were dead.  
Look you Don Rosa, speed thee,  
Arrest this traitorous band.  
Conduct them and their chieftain beyond our  
fuedal land,  
And mark you well my edict,  
If ever you come back,  
I'll hang you from the outer walls  
And break you on the rack.

*Don Rosa*—Now then, I lay for that young duffer,  
You bet your life I'll make him suffer,  
See here now Navy, you're *de trop*,  
So get a move on you.  
O'Donovan's again on top,  
All's up betwixt you two.  
A Yankee sailor, marry her,  
A thing not likely to occur.

*Ralph* (aside)—Alas, alas, his words are true,

Oh, heaven, what am I to do?

Back water? Give her up? Leave Spain?

And never see her face again?

No, no, I'm not that kind of stuff,

I'll show these cads a bit of Yankee bluff.

(Addresses Duke.)

My lord your words grate harshly upon a  
freeman's ear.

Remember, to the Yankee tar, there's no  
such word as fear.

These are Columbia's subjects, her sailors  
tried and true.

And I, read this, and you will find I am  
your equal too. (Hands paper to  
Duke.)

*Duke* Commission from the President. From this then  
we infer,

*Ralph*—I'm Captain Ralston, U. S. N., and at your service  
sir.

\*And furthermore, I tell thee here,

Here in my hold, thy vassals near.

Nay look upon your lord, and lay the hand upon  
the sword,

I tell thee Duke, thou art defied!

And if thou say'st I am not peer,

To any lord in Spainland here,

Alphonso thou has lied.

\*NOTE.—It is evident at this point that our hero is a close student of Sir Walter Scott.



*Don Rosa* (from behind the Duke.)

Seize and bind him, someone there!

*Ralph*—Seize nothing, touch me if you dare,

O'er yonder lies my man of war, her guns trained  
on the town.

Bah, that for you, and that for you,  
(Hitting Don Rosa with flat of sword.)

*Don Rosa*—Don't hit me I am down, (falls.)

*Duke* (submissively.)

Most bravely spoken, noble youth, thy candor  
pleases us.

*Don Rosa* (from behind the Duke.)

I'll put rat poison in the wine, and kill the little  
cuss.

*Duke*—Come, let us cease our wrangling, bring in the  
loving cup,

And in its sparkling depths we'll drink, shake  
hands, and make it up.

And what is more, my gallant tar, it is our ducal  
will,

That thou shalt wed with Pauline, "The Maiden of  
Seville."

And now good lords and ladies, give ear to our  
command,

Let bonfires blaze, and cannon roar, and joy fill  
all the land,

And let the people celebrate and feast at our  
expense.

*Don Rosa*—That's good, my noble lord, but pray what is  
my recompense?

*Duke*—Nothing, Varlet.

*Don Rosa*—Nothing? Begob, then we'll go hence,  
Come Boobo, we will emigrate  
Across the water to some Western state,  
Buy a street railroad, settle down,  
And in a year own the whole town.

*Duke*—Enough, before you leave our land  
Receive our blessing, and the yellow band.

*Don Rosa*—Blessing be hanged, I'm not that sort of man,  
I never will accept it. You two can. (Point-  
ing to Pauline and Ralph.)

Farewell to Spain, we leave this very night.  
Ain't that so Boobo? Speak! He's tight.

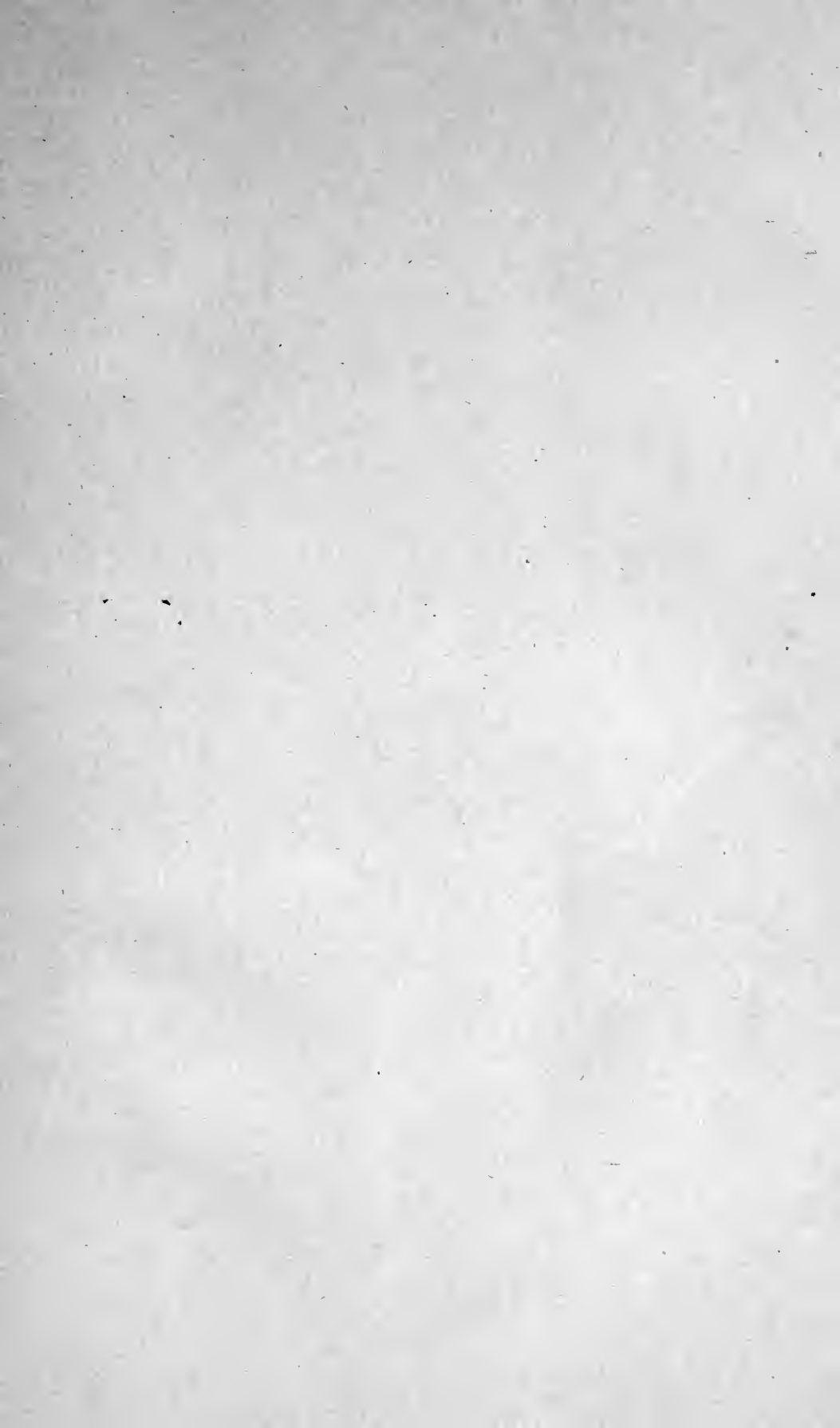
Don Rosa and Boobo march arm in arm across stage  
and exit. Orchestra playing "The Rogue's March."

*The Duke*—Here, take her, sir, and mind you treat her  
kindly.

*Pauline and Ralph*—Oh, bliss. Oh, rapture.

Grand finale, sextet and chorus, from "Lucia Di-  
Lammemoor," "Banished now is hostile feeling."

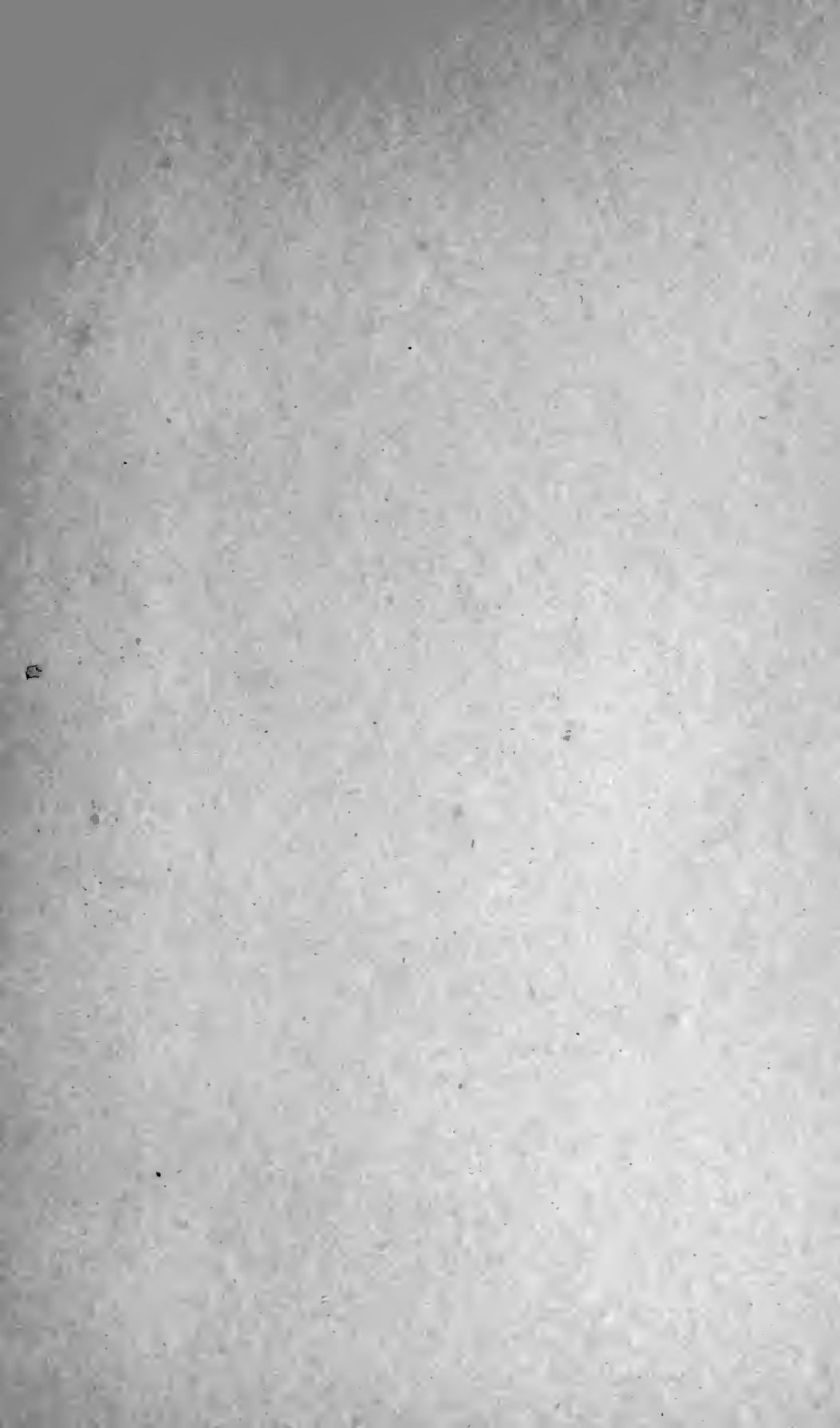
(CURTAIN. END OF OPERA.)













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